GLEASON'S WEEKLY

LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP.

VOL. I, NO. 15. F. GLEASON, PUBLISHER. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859.

JAMES M. MASON, Senator from Virginia, was born in Fairfax county, Virginia, November 3d, 1798, and was graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1818. He was admitted to the Bar in Frederick county, Virginia, in 1820, and returned from the same county to the House of Delegates of Virginia in 1827, and again returned from the same county in 1829 and 1830. He was a member of the Virginia Convention, called in 1829, to amend the Constitution of the State, and was elected to the House of Representatives of the United States for the 25th Congress. Since Jan., 1847, he has been twice elected to the Senate of the United States for terms of six years. His present term will expire March 4, 1853.

WILLIAM M. GWIN, Senator from California, was born in Sumner county, Tennessee, October 9th, 1805. He was educated for the medical profession, and took his degree as M. D. at the Transylvania University, Kentucky, in 1833, when he retired from it, having been in March, 1838. In 1841, he removed to Mississippi, where he practised his profession until appointed Marshal of the district of Mississippi by Gen. Jackson. On the election of Van Buren to the Presidency, he resigned his office, and was a candidate for Congress, and was elected. He declined a re-election, and soon after removed to New Orleans, where he was appointed Commissioner to superintend the building of the new Custom House. In March, 1848, he removed to California. He was elected a member of the Convention to form a State Constitution, and on the assembling of the first Legislature under the new Constitution, was elected United States Senator. His term ends 1857.

JESSE D. BRIGHT, Senator from Indiana, was born at Norwich, New York, Dec. 18, 1812. At the age of seven he emigrated with his family to Indiana. At his early age of manhood, he was admitted to the Bar. When in his 23d year, he was elected to the office of Probate Judge, which place he resigned in 1839, on receiving the appointment of Marshal of the United States for the district of Indiana; was removed by Mr. Tyler, ten days before the annual election in 1841, and immediately elected in the State Senate, and was elected Lieutenant Governor of Indiana. In 1843, he was elected to the U. S. Senate, and re-elected in 1851 and '57. In 1848, he was elected Governor of Indiana.

HON. JAMES M. MASON.

HON. WILLIAM M. GWIN.

HON. JESSE D. BRIGHT.

A SCENE AT BRIGHTON, ENGLAND, THE FAMOUS WATERING-PLACE, ON A SUNDAY IN MARCH.

[For description, see page 5.]

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LITERATURE AND ART FOR WIT AND WISDOM

GLEASON'S WEEKLY 2 LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP.

[Written for the Line-of-Battle Ship.]

FOR AN ALBUM.

BY WILLIAM T. WISE

Dear Linda! in this simple token,
Of our warm affection, prove,
That our friendship, though unspoken,
Ever continues in force!

And though the sun, that reigns supreme
Over day's social realm of light,
Is shrouded by the clouds heaviest,
Or obscured by the shades of night,

Our friendship, (with a holy faith)
Nought can dim or fade away;
Like a wreath of clear, cloud circled,
Brighter still as years decay.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.]

[Written for the Line-of-Battle Ship.]

SIR PERCY

OR

THE LION HEART

A TALE OF THE CRUSADERS.

BY EDGAR W. DAVIES.

CHAPTER II.

THE LADY ISABEL OF ALBESTARD.

On a bright summer evening, seven hundred years ago, the sunset rays threw a halo of glory over Antioch. Her towers and her palaces rose into the warm air indeed in splendor and beauty, and from lofty spire and swelling dome sweet evening bells pealed forth the hymn of parting day. Gilded cross and glittering vane threw second all nature with ordered fire; and to the the emerald zone of orange and of silver gauze which encircled the city, had mingled with their living green the splendid dyes of that enchanting hour. For outside, beyond the plain, now glim like, three days encamped mighty armies;by tents, or with fields gamned with a thousand forms, and their summer glowing with crimson and with gold.

Drawn one of those encampments there rode in words the sir a young man, but a year or so beyond his manority. A single plume at his fair face and brown hair, suffered at the left place (first his head here therefore than in many Syrian He. there, no, marked him or a stranger to the chiefs. he to wore a leather and a purple cap, which were the fashion with the creation of a for northern court. Emerging from the path through the green forest, he bided upon a little knoll or an open upland, whence down lay heavily before him.

"Beautiful—beautiful!" he exclaimed, as he on round upon the gorgeous landscape. "By Sir George! is all merry England I never recollect to feel a scene or this. It is almost enough to make one forswear his nativity, and marry a Syrian lady with a title to some of those fiefs. No wonder the Moslem struggled so hard to keep Antioch in power."

While the lavalier prayed, thus communed with himself, from behind there fell on his hearing the sound of the trampling of the hoofs of a nothing of accoutrements, and many voices rose clear and merrily over the plain. The young man turned, and raised his noble black scarf aside, for he beheld a gallant young cavalcade along the woodland path, with the banner of Antioch's chieftain at their head. There were princes in courtly guise, and ladies clothed in rich apparel, plumed and belted knights, and a goodly following of men-at-arms, all mounted on steeds of Arab lineage, and, trotting gaily onward European in the sunshine came the stern Balcomed, prince of Antioch, clad in golden armour, with sword and scarf of purple set. But beside him there rode, too, another form, at sight of which the young man's blood bounded like fire through his veins. The moment made the perfect Lady Isabel, the no-heiress of the princely house of Albestarp, who were reuse in Spain and France were of priceless worth. In all the principality of Antioch, nay, in all the realms beneath the sway of the King of Jerusalem, there was not another who could compare with her, for the mood sheen and most peerless beauty, the belle of the Christian court.

The young knight, Percy Gresham, took by cup from his head, to do obeisance to the lordly group as they passed by. The courtiers there fanned the shuttering rays upon his white brow, and the waving sun tinged his cheek with the hue of mingled rose and lemon, as she, to and he soul-black charger stood motionless in the shade, that warm light, he seemed like an impersonation of one of the fabled heroes who came to earth in mortal form to do battle for the right, and on whose form there ever shone the glory of the heavenly clime from whence their being was derived.

The maidens Isabel knew Percy Gresham at a glance, and making her gloved hand wave him as they approached, Percy heard her say to the duke:

"This is the English youth of whom I told you, my lord, whom bravery rescued me from the Turkoman marauders a few days since. Shall I bear sir," she continued, checking her steed directly in front of the spearsman, "that Balcomed had halted, and addressing him—"gallant sir, we grieve that there are ungrateful that I can not save you some richer token of my gratitude than most thanks. But you retired so quickly that I had not time to learn your name. Say that I might have been in most Moslem haven enough for your brave assist on my accusion, and Isabel of Albestarp would fain contend for debt of obligation for the dangerous deed of valour done by your knightly hand in her behalf."

"Fair lady," returned Percy, "commendation from one so lovely would be viewed enough for me were the service a hundred times as great. Truly, if my hand does not deceive me, I would light my red way, single-handed, through a host of Moorish warriors to win one smile from you."

The maiden felt that these earnest words came from an earnest heart, and looked down, while a blush mantled high over her full round cheeks Then, rallying herself, she raised her eyes with a bright glance, and rejoined:

"Nay, nay, sir, lay aside your compliments, and tell me fairly what gift Isabel shall bestow on kind remembrance upon her preserver. Speak quickly, for we must reach Antioch ere the twilight lingers."

Percy's ready nose no phrases of courtly compliment, but betrayed the feelings of a real all on fire at in the simple beauty and grace of the maiden. Yet he dared not say so much, and, obedient to the gesture of her gloved hand elegantly, he hastened to reply:

"Fair lady, your approval has already been reward enough for my toil, in a moment of which of hearts is rewarded with pleasant thoughts of your kind regard. The highest aim in which my life now, and to lead his good sword to protect the helpless, the injured and the fair, wherever there be need."

"And right nobly did you keep your vow when I was in the Turkoman," said Lady Isabel. "I shall not soon forget, and that I may have some permanent acquaintance of the day let me entreat you to name some boon which I, in return, may bestow on you."

"As you wish, lady," said Percy Gresham, "Give me but the silken scarf which is somewhat around your neck, as a memorial of this bright hour, and it will be to me a possession more to be esteemed than gold or vanished lands."

The large, brown, Spanish eyes of the peerless Isabel were no longer gay, but there was a strange consonance in them, as, without a word, she loosened the silken scarf from her neck, and handed it to the knight. Its scent crept all caught it.

"Take it, sir," she said; "and when you go to battle, and think on the maiden remember, that at least the prayers of Isabel of Albestarp are saved on high for your success, and success be to the arms of knight that would become known as the token which distinguishes the brave ere of the Lady Isabel, sir."

The next instant she was gone, and the train swept by, but not before the young knight had caught the eyes of the stern Balcomed, Prince of Antioch, fixed upon him with a look and a men were when they would plunge a dagger into the heart's blood of some hated foe.

What could the prince have took beside thought Percy to himself, as he rode slowly after the gallant train, that his deed was also love the Lady Isabel? Then I fear me much we have acted in haste. But the scarf, sweet flower lady, if is wear your token on my breast to death, then will I defy the grim king of terrors and all his minions."

The lustrious and dreamy twilight hour had passed, and the shades of the city were blended brightly long before Percy reached the gates. The city was suddenly regaled by a loud of armed men, mounted, like himself, what seemed themselves in the unbroken line across the road. The leader cried:

"What means this?" he asked. "Give way, and let me pass."

"Not till you surrender the scarf the Lady Isabel gave you this night upon your knightly ing," was the response. "Our orders are imperative, and we must obey them to the letter."

"Surrender the scarf!" ejaculated Percy, with a haughty tone. "By what right do you make this demand of me?"

"The Prince of Antioch laid on us his commands to bring to him, or secure upon return ourselves. Yourselves gold generally, and we will have it, sir knight."

"Then let the prince forever unto you from his ordure," was the imperious rejoinder of the young knight, as he drew his broad blade from its bosom, and the strength of youth nerves his arm, "no mortal man shall wear the memorial of the Lady Isabel from my possession!"

"On your own head be the consequence of your disobedience," exclaimed the officer.—"Close into it, my men, and take the scarf from the knight's breast, the mandates of the prince must be enforced, even on the dead!"

There rose a forward and enormous movement of the dark line of troopers. In an instant the scarf was torn from Percy's breast, and he shouted:

"To the death be it!" he cried, touching his spurs against the flanks of his charger. "Down with the way, knaves, or you will rue the hour you dared tempt me to be false to the honor of Albestarp!"

The powerful steed, obedient to the touch, reared backward, and his heavy sword fell on the young knight glittered in a sweeping circle, like a flash of lightning, over his head. Again:

"Strike him down without mercy," exclaimed the officer, "or not the duke will lose you heads, too."

"The is no child's play, then," echoed the knight. "So be it. Sir George for Albestarp and Isabel. Come, one, and away!"

The successive wave of enthusiasm which Percy uttered a soldier from his saddle, and leaving through the circle, sped on towards the city gates. Several mounted troops were fairly conscious of it, he had passed the portcrs, and was fast to view in the windings of the glowed streets of Antioch.

CHAPTER II.

THE LETTER OF COUNT ALBERT.

DETENTION—HALF-WAY TO HOME—COMES ON WINGS OF THE WIND—ARRIVAL—AND THOUGHT ANTIOCH'S glorious light. The chance Orontes rolled on his sparkling way, rejoicing in the rays of the early sun, and fleet ornamented gardens the fare drops which hot melted on the voluptuous gards of Albestarp, and wafted into the air by per, bearing new fragrance on the perfumed air of morning.

On a beautiful hill in Antioch rose the city dwelling of Isabel, and of her lordly brother, the Count Albert of Albestarp, long absent with a warlike band in the mountains of the North. Isabel stood at her window gazing forth upon the magnificent scene, and yet absorbed in deepest meditation. There came to her ear the sound of distant music. It drew nearer and nearer. It pealed along the street of palaces, and into the rose before her dwelling there came a long cavalcade of knights and men-at-arms, the rising sun gilded cast brassbyline and shining helmet, and the steeds played merrily with the long plume and the silken banner of the house of Albestarp. With a cry of delight Isabel cast down veiled, and in the group she saw a knight superbly armed, who bestrode his warmly in life and fire as it the strength bound and gained the maiden. Yet he dared not say so much, and, obedient to the gesture of her gloved hand elegantly, he hastened to reply:

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LITERATURE AND ART, WIT AND WISDOM.

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VOL. XIII. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1852. NO. 26.

mond shall follow you like an evil geni, till you shall curse the hour that you first saw the light!"

"Vain boaster," responded Sir Percy, "when you can deal in deeds, and not in words, Percy Grisham will not be wanting in the will to defend his honor and his life. We shall meet again."

The knight turned to the lady, and offered his arm, saying

"For Lady Isabel, as I have been so fortunate in saving you from wrong, let me have the greater joy of placing you on safety by your gallant brother's side. Let us hasten, for my heart is short."

Isabel cast one hurried glance at the reviving Prince Bolemond, then took the arm of the white-plumed knight, her courage, and they disappeared from view towards the palace through the windings of the garden walks.

Upon the ground the prince rested but a moment longer, with his hand to his head; then, feeling as he felt, he, too, bent his way towards the palace in pursuit, at first staggering, but, as his courage came, moving more and more firmly, breathing fiery vengeance on the cavalier who had so boldly now asserted triumph from his grasp.

CHAPTER IV.

THE KING OF ENGLAND.

Within the palace hall the revelry still continued. The dancers near the great centre-table of the pavilion, leaving room entirely unoccupied by the entrance into their midst of a strikeout knight in full armor, a stranger to them all. With him there came the Lady Isabel of Allenby, all radiant with the excitement of the scene she had passed through. She went immediately to her brother's side and took his arm.

"Who is this?" asked Count Albon, looking first at his almost breathless sister and then at Sir Percy. "Something has happened. What is it?"

Before the lady could reply, there was the echo of hurried footsteps in the balcony, and Sir Percy Hamilton entered, his face concealed by rage and his eyes like flames of fire.

"Wretch, you are here, are you?" thundered he; "then is my very hell! This is the base defiance that you possessed. But we shall see. My lords—this man and his sister are in my dungeon."

Half a dozen gentlemen sprang forward, but the knight's glance fell upon them, and they paused.

"Noble of Syria," cried Sir Percy, "because have you lay hands on me. Six armed vassals have not been able to do Richmond's will this night, and will you in your doublets and your ribbons leave your lords with one smack to put ready for a fray? Stop, I pray you, and consider."

Cowards, do you thus fear him?" shouted Bolemond. "Shame on you, craven dogs! Was he, think I, when he, there is a monster in the guest of honor?"

The words roused. Every fire and every foot turned toward the scene of excitement, and through the midst of the gloomy throng there at the spot twenty knights in complete footmen's armor, with plumes and helm of green, and ranged themselves behind the prince, drawing the cutlasses as the gardens.

"Now, sir knight of the crimson scarf," said Bolemond, triumphantly, "surrender, for your escape is impossible."

Sir Percy laughed scornfully, and pointing to the rib of knights, exclaimed:

"What! Does the prince of Antioch suppose that Percy Grisham would find escape debarred by them? I tell you no. I came hither prepared to defy your power if it were rooted in its service to the fair, and now that the end is impending I shall not shrink from the proof."

"Forward, brave knights," cried Bolemond, "and strike the recreant! He mocks your prowess and denies your skill in arms. Strike him down like a dog!"

"Hold!" shouted Sir Percy. "He who touches me does it in defiance of a higher power than dwells with Antioch's chief. Think not I came hither in a den of lions without a spell to stay their paws. Read that, my prince, and see no go forth from this fair presence without the most her unfeeling knightly blood. For Lady Baldwin III., your king and mine, retires at Jerusalem where is his throne, and commanding you, his vassal, to receive me honorably, to treat me nobly, and with all reasonable means to speed me on my mission."

The prince snatched the missive, and after a single glance, crumpled it fiercely in his hand, and flung it away.

"What care I for Baldwin, king of Jerusalem," he exclaimed; "he hath no power in mind between me and the rebel who defies authority. Forward, fools, and strike him, or you shall yourselves taste the torture that is his due. Forward, I say, and avoid your guilty fate. Are ye all cowards?"

Sir Percy drew his weapon, and threw into a motion on the part of the life of knights, but just then, when the conflict seemed imminent, Isabel glided in between Sir Percy and the prince, and with a motion of her hand checked the progress of the gentlemen. The lady of Isabel, the fairest of the Christian court, had a magic power over them brave men, and every single also was a favorite with the person they looked to him for further orders.

"Bolemond," she exclaimed in the face of the prince, raising her finger imperiously, "beware. One more command like that and I will publish your disgrace before this great assembly, and call upon all true knights to avenge my cause and defend my deliverer."

The prince bit his lip with rage, and looked for a moment into those glorious eyes now full of a stern and high purpose.

"What if I do him go," he inquired, overlaying at the implied reservation which her words remained. "What is to the cause?"

Prompted by a generous impulse toward the brave Percy, who had twice saved her from dishonor, she replied:

"Prince Bolemond, give me your word that you will not interfere with this gallant knight's free passage from this place, and never molest him while he remains in Antioch, and I will keep your less dramatic a crimes never shall to you. Refuse, and I will denounce you before all the world."

Of them around, Sir Percy alone had heard that whispered conversation, and he came near to the end said:

"Thou that will I not. I was on the point of publishing it myself in the ears of the brave knights of Antioch. See fair Lady Isabel that you bind yourself by no such terms, lest the shame should be upon him."

She turned imploringly to Sir Percy, and said:

"Isabel of Allenby's sake of low difference sake the hope of others. She to be safe Percy enough to yield for this small boon—her last request, and perhaps her last!"

"Her last I hope not," echoed the knight. "Lady I can deny you nothing. This crimson scarf I received from your fair hand to wear it always as a talisman to lead me to your will."

"Hold!" interrupted Prince Bolemond, eagerly. "I accept your terms. Let this knight go, and permission the day will come when I shall meet him face to face with visiting steel. Let him go, but remember the vengeful he eats it as end, and my time of vengeance shall be sweet. My oath shall not be forgotten."

The knight laughed scornfully, but Bolemond was not content. He would have their bonds to last, of him which made those who saw it shudder at its malignant vindictiveness.

"Sir Percy," he said, "you must conduct this knight to the palace gates," said Bolemond, "and let him go free. Then with him a safe-conduct from the king and we must needs obey it while he stays in Antioch."

Percy Grisham stopped but for an instant.

"For this new mark of consent in my behalf, even unasked, I thank you. I will not longer give you need for keeping to yourself the secret of the night for you, and I shall not be long in your room. Farewell, and do not forget that beneath the crimson scarf there beats a heart filled with undying devotion to you and yours."

He took her hand and was raising it to his lips, when suddenly a sudden surprise had hitherto held silent, stepped quickly forward, and while with one hand he grasped the wrist of the astonished Isabel, with the other he thrust the knight violently back.

"Take your adventurers lips to them more meekly as your station, but you be called to the presence of a king with your blood."

Sir Percy stared fiercely, but when he beheld the face of Baldwin, the king, he bowed low, and with a glance of unutterable tenderness upon his lady, replied quietly:

"To the brother of Isabel of Allenby much may be forgiven."

The same minute he had followed the knight-by guardsmen into the hallway, and the brilliant hall of revelry was left to the enjoyment of the isbad scenes or closing blades.

Prince Bolemond sat silent and his sister met, and silently they gazed upon each other.

"Then the knight has not delivered from delay," said the Prince Bolemond, bitterly, coming to the side of the pair. "I can not see you, Count Albon. And the monarch is it angered you as we that vulgar fellow your kin lips to the his hand of Allenby, and then stooped low for sugar reasons much as the crimson scarf he wears was her own gift, or merely borne mine?"

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Albert; "can this be true, Isabel? Is it possible that you have lain upon the breast of a knight of low degree —an unknown adventurer from a British isle? Speak, sister, answer me!"

"O, my brother, I did but reward my deliverer. That is all. I pray you have all you need to know what else this prince speaks, nor be so angered my poor only sister's sake."

"I know this, Isabel, that he shall not wear that scarf. By saint Ingo, I swear that if he be not a knight of Antioch, he shall be a dead one before he shall yield the ribbon toy to me, or one of us to wear."

"No, brother, no!" exclaimed Isabel, in an agony of entreaty; "you have no right, and I do not bear me." But it was too late, for, hearing angry from her, Count Albert rushed out of the pavilion and disappeared from the view upon the astonished assembly.

A moment more brought illumined the morning face of Prince Bolemond, and he murmured:

"This is beyond my hope. Now will your fallen shall fight to the death, and when all is over the fox shall cease and shall the prey for which they battled!"

Then he offered his arm to the Countess Isabel, but she drew away from him with a look of contempt, and accepting the escort of a friend of a wicked court, passed into the pavilion.

At the command of the prince the music sounded again, the tread of light feet echoed once more over the smoked floors, and the dance was on, but still the scene which had taken place could not be forgotten by the revellers.

CHAPTER V.

THE DESERTED MONASTERY.

Turn we now to the scene in Antioch where the mountebanks never by upon the pavements, for the toll house rose lofty on either side and the high walls of the gardens, with their towers, with gate closed. Through this, all unattended, rode the knight, Sir Percy, wondering what it could lead him, for he had exacted it to rest in the palace, and disappointed from the gate he rode. The lane terminated in a well open square, and on the farther side, where stone rose the light of the moon, he beheld a grim old building, sombrious and almost endless, over which the bygone years seemed to have passed with unsparing trust. It bore the appearance of a deserted monastery, for there were crosses on its solid stone, and the ruins of a lofty tower, such as overhung the arched entrance of religious houses in many an Eastern city. Never before in the midst of so populous a capital had the knight beheld a scene so typical of decay and so startling in its desolation and deserted grandeur.

"Sir," said he, aloud, "I have had my long journey through this lane for nothing. Now and even retrace my steps and seek some otherwise to the palace, for I will not be the queen at night, I know how to shape my course without aid. Ah, there is one from the tower!"

Before this, Sir Percy had not perceived the figure of a man, who, from the battlements of which had sat on a stone bench in the gateless archway of the monastery with the two hands in the open palms. But at the sound of his voice the man raised his head, and rose to look down upon the knight. He then stood. The young knight beheld the face turned broadly toward him in the moonlight. It was that of a man of some fifty years or so, whose features were so almost ghostly pallor, and whose eyes, as Percy advanced toward him, seemed to glitter with preternatural brightness.

"Can this man expect his face be that of a living man?" thought the astonished Percy, stopping at the distance of a few paces. "If it is, not the walking embodiment of death, then the dead was never seen on earth in human shape."

Those glittering eyes were still fixed on the visor of the knight, and then for the first time Sir Percy knew that he was the object of a terrible scrutiny. My and shall not be forgotten."

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LITERATURE AND ART WIT AND WISDOM

GLEASON'S WEEKLY

LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP.

At half past two o'clock on the 26th, the day that the battle partially commenced, the Russell being the incoming British ship, fired the first gun at the rearmost ship of the enemy; and at six o'clock, P. M., the Bellerophon reached the ten knots of the 120-gun ship Revolutionnaire, and gallantly opened upon her. Five more than an hour the fleet ship with only 74 guns, maintained the unequal contest, when being disabled she bore up in pride her fleet. The Russell and Marlborough also closed the monster French ship, and after an animated action, she retired in a beaten and defenseless state. The Revolutionnaire's loss amounted to near four hundred men. The "Audacious,"

another British ship of the line then passed volley after volley of shot into her, was a good deal disabled, though only six of her men were killed and sixteen wounded. Both of the ships returned to England very much disabled.

During all that night both fleets carried a heavy press of sail, as a rumbled enemy, every one of the British ships showing a bright light. The night of the rival fleets thus covering over the waves before a high wind and with a very heavy sea, must have been great in the highest degree.—At daylight on the 28th, the French fleet appeared about six miles on the weather bow. Admiral Howe now formed his fleet in battle array, and with the desire to make most impression on the rear of the enemy, he gave orders for the fleet to tack in succession. Soon after a signal was made to pass through the French fleet. As the British neared the French rear, the latter commenced firing immediately. Lord Howe ordered his ships to display their colors at once.

Several of the ships having vainly made an attempt to pass through the enemy's line, the Admiral, Lord Howe, gallantly attempted it and succeeded with the "Queen Charlotte," of one hundred guns. She shortly afterwards tacked, and her commander hastened a signal for a general chase. There was considerable hard fighting that day, but at five P. M., the fire ceased and both fleets formed in line on the larboard tack. Several of the British ships were damaged, particularly the Queen, but the damages were soon repaired, and all the ships were ready for service on the following morning. In surveying the bloody lines of the day's action, the British found a total of 57 killed, and 148 wounded.

On the 30th there was for the most of the day a thick veg, so that much fighting was out of the question. It was more than the ships could do to keep together. On the first the weather again cleared, and early in the morning the ships gained their proper order of sailing. At noon the French fleet of thirty-two sail, was seen bearing north and in a perfect state. Lord Howe at first determined to attack them, but finally defered the onset until the following day.

At daybreak on the first of June, the wind moderate from the south by west, the French were seen about six miles on the lee bow, formed in line of battle, on the starboard tack. By signal, the British barn up together, and seven o'clock, when they hauled to the wind on the larboard tack, in order that the prophecyish breakfast. At eight o'clock Howe made the general signal for each ship to engage her proper opponents, and to this end, he arranged his fleet in battle order. In so to the Queen Charlotte, setting a noble example, stayed for the Montagne, of 120 guns, and was fired at by the Vengeur. Taking no notice of that, Lord Howe still pressed on towards the Montagne, and when at the proper distance poured a tremendous broadside into her stern. At the same time the pressed her starboard broadside into the Jacobin's larboard quarter. In return, the Jacobin shot away the Charlotte's foremast. The Montagne was soon disabled, having lost in killed and wounded nearly 300 men, and quitted the line. Other ships followed her example, upon which Howe gave the signal for a general chase. The French Admiral on seeing this proceeded to old five of his disabled ships. The battle now became general, each British ship attacking a single one of the French, or else making an effort to break through the enemy's line, in which case the ship would encounter two of the enemy. The battle was thus kept up warmly until afternoon, or for about five hours, when victory, at usual, favored the British side. But even the British had not so much to boast of as in some later conflicts. A few more such victories would have been about equivalent to a defeat.

The following narrative is worthy of notice. In the heat of battle the Nereide and Impetueux together attacked the Marlborough, a British ship. The latter lost her main-mast, and soon her fore and mizzen-masts were shot away. Still the gallant crew maintained an undiminished fire, as if intending to board the British ship; but the discharge of a double shotted, well directed broadside from the latter, brought down all three masts, the wreck of which falling over the starboard side, rendered her incapable of further resistance, and she struck her colors.

The Brunswick and Vengeur still continued their furious and destructive fight. Capt. Harvey was wounded and knocked down by a splinter, but he still kept the deck, until having received a contusion in his right arm, he was obliged to go below. When descending the ladder he called to those of his crew near him, and admonished them "bravely to fight the ship well. This was "a caution visit" to the Admiral worth having. Nor were the other officers forgotten, who had fought "shoulder to shoulder," and ship to ship in gaining this victory.

The chief characteristics of this battle were, the equal forces that were brought into action, and the resoluteness of it, as a measure, for several days. The British then learned that the French were always there equals upon the sea, and that they must cultivate a still higher valor to gain an undisputed power over them. Howe proved himself to be nobler in seamanship, but Nelson was soon to evince that he was the greater warrior.

THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE, DURING THE FROST OF THE PAST WINTER—WITH A VIEW OF THE CITADEL OF QUEBEC.

QUEBEC AND THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The engraving we publish this week illustrates one of the most notable scenes in Canada East, viz.; the finest St. Lawrence and the famous Citadel of Quebec. The river, as subjoined and irresistible in its boasting course in the spring and autumn, now presents the smooth surface of one unbroken sheet of ice. It continues to wear this appearance of frigid cessation until late in the spring, when, gathering strength from thawing snow and heavy rains, it throws off its winter chains, breaks up the ice and rushes it forward eagerly to the ocean. The winter at Quebec is a long and hard one, but the people, always being prepared for it and resolutely bent upon turning its rigors to the best possible account, really enjoy more pastime at that season than in autumn, when the beauties of St. Lawrence scenery and the excitement of the river navigation, elicit the admiration of strangers travelling for pleasure. With the mercury at 40 degrees below zero, the intrepid Est O. K. if above that interesting 0 point, they are (to use an hyperbole) inclined to regard it as sultry.

The officers and others in the garrison use the river for their winter play-ground, and many a skating, cricketing, and curling match on its frozen bosom relieves the monotony of military duty. Beyond, crowning the summit of Cape Diamond, at an altitude of 320 feet above the bed of the river, stands the Citadel of Quebec, towering aloft in dark walls upon the pencilled snow. The Citadel is strongly fortified, covers more than eight acres of ground, and contains a most extensive armory. At the base of the hill are clustered an irregular batch of picturesque dwellings crowding to its sides as if for shelter. In the manner and situation, Quebec presents one of its remarkable appearance and numerous historical associations (giving it the appellation "the Gibraltar of America" and Castle of Esquiel), as well as for its location on a cool, picturesque spot, is visited every summer by thousands of American tourists

VIEW OF A BRITISH FLEET.

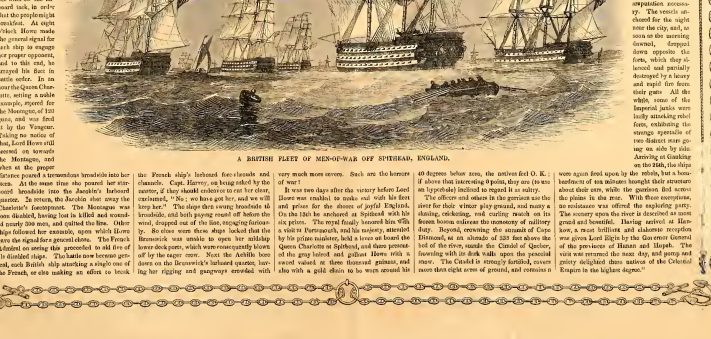
The vast war preparations now in progress in Europe, are attracting the attention of the world.

The two grand belligerent powers are France and Austria, but though Great Britain is not yet even entitled to take any part in the tremendous contest which is expected so soon to take place, and will do all she can, honestly, to preserve her neutrality, she is strengthening her forces against an emergency. She could France in naval power and resources as much as to grand nation surpasses her in military fitness and efficiency, and her navy of ships of the line and steam-of-war appear invincible—five hundred and twenty-three vessels, exclusive of one hundred and sixty-seven gun-boats! Of the number (as we stated in our last week's paper), one hundred and seventy-six are in commission and doing duty in all parts of the world. There are, also, eleven line-of-battle steam-vessels of from thirty to one hundred guns each, now building. When these latter are completed, we may give some illustrations of them. The present engraving is a view of a British fleet at Spithead, England. The men of the various French governmental journals has become more and more belligerent, and the encroachments of the London Times, News, and various other of the

English press, writing as if war was likely to be the only solution of the difficulty, exceptwhen their remarks assumed a hostile aspect, and were answered in a manner by no means calculated to please an Englishman.

JOHN BULL AT CHINA.

By the Chinese correspondent of our enterprising neighbor, the Courier, we have the following account of Lord Elgin's awful expedition, with a portrait of Yeh, "the governor of Chien :—" On the 5th of last November, an English squadron, consisting of five vessels, all under the general command of Lord Elgin, ascended the Yang-tze Kong river as far as Hankow, a distance of six hundred miles from the river's mouth. The expedition reached the city of Nankin without meeting with any opposition; the "Lee" was not even a note in advance of the squadron, she passed by nearly all the batteries in perfect security. At the close of the last a shot was fired; in obedience to instructions, the "Lee" hoisted a flag of truce, which was fired on by the Chinese in quick succession; then followed a smart cannonading from both sides, till the falling of night compelled a cessation of hostilities. In the squadron, one marine was killed, a midshipman lost an arm, and a sailor was wounded in the leg, rendering amputation necessary. The vessels anchored for the night near the city, and, as soon as the morning dawned, stepped down opposite the forts, which they silenced and partially destroyed by a heavy and rapid fire from their guns. All the while, some of the imperial junks were busily attempting rebel fires, exhibiting the strange spectacle of two distinct wars going on side by side. Arriving at Gunkong on the 20th, the ships



A BRITISH FLEET OF MEN-OF-WAR OFF SPITHEAD, ENGLAND.

were again fired upon by the rebels, but a bombardment of an minutes brought their structure about their ears, while the garrison fled across the plains in the rear. With these explorations, no resistance was offered the exploring party. The country upon the river is described as most grand and beautiful. During arrival at Hankow, a most brilliant and elaborate reception was given Lord Elgin by the Governor General of the provinces of Hunan and Hupeh. The visit was returned the next day, and party and pantry delighted three natives of the Celestial Empire in the highest degree."

LITERATURE AND ART — WIT AND WISDOM

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TERMS, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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4 do. do.	6 00
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1 do. half year	1 50
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And one guide to the gateway of a rich city. Every one may add at any time to his club one or more subscribers at the club rates.

Specimen numbers sent free, to those who wish to form clubs.

FREDERICK GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

BRITISH CRUISERS IN A FIX.

We learn from the *North Shore Herald*, published at Shanghae, that when the English fleet under the command of Lord Elgin set out to return from its expedition up the Yang tse Kiang river (which penetrates considerably into the interior of the Flowery Kingdom), two vessels of war, the Furious and Cruiser, had to be left behind, because the river had fallen fifty feet since they went up, and there was not sufficient draught of water for their passage. So they will be detained several months, waiting for a rise! If this had been an American fleet, how the English would have ridiculed us for getting into such a scrape as the Furious and Cruiser must have had on the shoals of Yang tse Kiang, after sailing over it so "much" a few weeks before! We fancy we see John Chinaman and his brethren standing on the banks of the river opposite the "high and dry" vessels of war, guessing from one to four at the *ne plus ultra* of British cupidity and their foolish feeling upon it. Britannia rules the waves, says the English sailor song. Why not the rivers? Poor John Bull! what have you been doing for the last twelve months, but making stock fast in the trust of Yang tse Kiang—and what will become of you before you can get out of it!

THE FINE ARTS.

From a flood of dollars—in fine pictures, during business in Broadway, recently had a great rate of painting, viz., at auction. A rattle picture, by Hardaker, of Milton, Mass., was knocked down at $200; Elvington's slight cottage, illustrative of Miss Bradford's Consuelo, brought $41 each; Rossiter's "Pranella" sold for $400; a small "Minot Perry," by Hall, another, $410; "A Robin," by Boston, $160; a Robin brought $100; a bird by Elliot $62 50; "The Speaking Likeness" sold for $810; Kensett's "Dismal Swamp" was bid off for $500; "The Mariner"—Casey and Agate—brought $2,200; and "Florinda" $3,750. The total amount of sales was very large, and the artists had every reason to be satisfied.

A POOR GIRL!

Garrett Rutherfield, son of the Baron James, of this city, recently married a poor girl, Matilda Ingersoll, whose marriage portion, the Paris papers say, was only $20,000. (How desirable!) M. de Rutherfield, senior, gave fourteen millions of francs, or nearly three millions of dollars, to his son on his marriage day, and, amongst other small presents, he put into his new daughter-in-law's hand a little pocket-book, containing, on examining, an inscription of £3,000—a pun—"This," said he, "has nothing to do with what your husband will give you for your pin money, but is merely for your charities and pocket money." How will this young pair manage to "make both ends meet?"

THE BIBLE.

An important branch of the moral probability of the eternal verities, arises from the character of the truths themselves, challenging the sweet and approbation of every consummated mind. The truths relating to the attributes and perfection of the Deity, the high and refined morality of the Gospel, and the adaptation of the whole provisions of Christianity to the actual condition of man as an immortal being, are such as, themselves, and for themselves upon the conscience or moral feelings of all classes of men with an impression which is irresistible.

HARD UP IN THE POST-OFFICE.

The U. S. General Post-office Department is ever hard and case in debt. It is said to owe, by that by the 1st of July next, the deficit will exceed $5,000,000. In the mean time, as the last Congress gave the Appointment Office Department the free P. M. General has been ennobled to use his current receipts of his department to defray the current expenses; but such a course cannot be illegal. So, too, would be post office conferences, or skin plasters, which have been suggested.

TO MAKE CUBA AMERICAN.

The project of Senator Downs for making Cuba American is very simple, and we publish it for the information of political cooks. He proposes to offer Spain a ransom for Cuba; if she declines to sell, the island must be seized in part payment for the bonds of a refund. If she declines, as Washington are too timid to venture on this, why then—Spend to the Filibusters, and let slip the dogs of war"—each being the works of the gallant and gentle Brown of Mississippi.

A portion of North street, formerly the notorious Ann street, in Boston, is still about as criminal a locality as any in New York, and few of the strangers who are allured thither in the pursuit of lawful pleasure, escape without being robbed and beaten. Shooting, stabbing, and murder are of frequent occurrence in that disorderly neighborhood; and as long as it is suffered to continue, the people of Boston have no right to hold up their hands in holy horror at the enormities perpetrated in other cities.

AN UNRIGHTEOUS MONOPOLY.

The British Government is inclined to back down from the obligation laid upon it by the act of Charles II., in granting to the Hudson Bay Company all of the immense tract, whose waters run into streams emptying into Hudson's Bay and its contiguous waters. Among these, the Admiralty to the Pacific and from Canada to the Polar seas, and exclusive right to trade and collect furs throughout vast regions now defined in the charter. The principle is one that charter will be annulled, on the ground that it is wholly necessary to the prosperity of the British empire in North America that a large immense zone of land should be filled up with loyal colonists, who, of course, would require to have free use of the hunting, fishing and trapping grounds.

The Hudson Bay Company have enjoyed uninterrupted possession of their enormous privileges and commerce for about two hundred years; and it seems to be a capital of two and a half millions of dollars, and their ten per cent dividends, they will express a favorable front to the action threatened by H. B. M. Government. For our own part, individually, we cannot perceive the right of the British Government, nor of the Hudson Bay Company to the territories in question. The monopoly, as government, as corporation, has any proper claim to the country. If any one people have more right than another to go in and possess it, it is the Canadians; but God puts it for all who choose to live there, whether from the old world or the new. The Hudson Bay Company have made no such illimitable sections of God's earth by the exercise, heretofore, upside down, Christian like principles which are now in operation. At least, in all succeeding ages, is especially ridiculous.

ROWDYISM IN BALTIMORE.

Baltimore politics are so badly body-politics as those of New York, that the people are left to their own way at the polls, are successful in the most disgraceful and infamous way of riot, outrages, and roughly silence parties for villians to control the city and its elections. At last, such is the evidence of the intelligent press of the city. Baltimore presents stronger contrast to the character of Philadelphia than it has ever yet been to find in any other community. New Orleans itself excepted. In the latter, to trace the difference between the *Picayune* and the Creoles of the Delta, and the Commercial and the Yankees in the Faubourg St. Mary, or Second Municipality, is very obvious, but it is rather a difference of political opinion, than opinion, the same respect for law and order and the maintenance of the peace. In Baltimore, on the contrary, opposed to a numerous class of lawless Democrats, backed by well-organized American citizens, the most of them natives of Maryland and the other States, who have for years past, who control the polls on election days, and rule at all times with the most despotic disregard of moral rights and the most contemptible subservience and base. It is a shame that it should be so for Baltimore has had for them a highly-gifted place of residence. So city in the world has been more the scenery of real Indian and gentlemen, and its agreeable atmosphere, pleasant location, and handsome streets and buildings, its numerous suburbs, like Eaglestown, those lands of which have made it their home.

GOOD SUGGESTION.

We have alluded to the project advocated by some of our newspapers, for the purchase for the establishment of a Conservatory of Art and Science of the remains of the many elegant impressions to be selected on the Rock Bay lands in the city of Brooklyn, and which, by the by, covers the well-known merchant, E. S. Tobey, Esq., and other gentlemen of taste, in the erection of which he offered the following suggestion. As an evidence that commerce would fail to appreciate the value of such a institution, he would refer them to the Polytechnic Institutions of Europe, which are the result of the liberality of central part is devoted to commerce, there is a department devoted to the appreciation of the fine-arts, and a diving-bell showing in applications to submarine operations. In that of Vienna, the Emperor has a place set apart for the important branch of naval architecture being constantly exhibited to the inspection of students adopted by that institution. We need not say that these models are the results of ships, marine engines, and the numerous inventions connected with naval matters and commerce; and it is most important that we teach subjects of bearing upon our commercial prosperity. He would have a museum attached to the proposed one as a matter of science, and he believe that the Smithsonian Institute, the richest museum of natural history in the world, would be induced to lend to the lack of knowledge on this subject. The people need instruction in the principles and practice of art.

THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

The Boston correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, does not like Powers' statue of Daniel Webster any better than we do. He says:

"The Athenæum, or Gyasinge Society, whose fame as a sculptor has been well earned; and whose works, in the Capitol at Washington, would have left the old Romans in the world neglect the models of Greece, if they had been transported to Rome, as the Athenæum would neglect the models of Greece, if they had been transported to Rome, as the Athenæum would neglect the models of Greece, if they had been transported to Rome, as the Athenæum would

LITERATURE AND ART FOR WIT AND HUMOR

GLEASON'S WEEKLY

LIFE-OF-BATTLE EDIT

[Written for the Line-of-Battle Ship.]

GLANCES.

BY EMMIE CLAIRMONTE.

Many dresses and many dresses,
Many beautiful creatures,
Many blind thoughts come in glances

How the sparkles, sparkles roll!
That have never learned dogrules
Tell the fictional soul's tragedy!

O how many hearts distressed
Love's hardship, ever have been,
Looking, eager to waste its heart!

Glances, like heart-rend—
Of the fictional soul's tragedy!
But O glances where looks are gleamed,
Cheerfulness is my prayer!

Life's pulse shall never be dead—
Then will glances at the right moment
Everyone's value and prayer work.

Yet this is to world of chance;
Still will even their work to glance
Give that courage to advance:

Still some are will with the glance
Some true heart will yet remain;
Glances faith is not all vain!

THE VILLAGE MURDER.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY the next morning, a new commotion aroused the inhabitants of the village. A wagon, empty save for the form of Mr. Tolliard, and, without alighting, delivered to "the justice," a letter and message, which effected from that worthy functionary, the words, "God bless me, how very remarkable!" before he retired to peruse his letter. Half-a-dozen busy heads grasped the bridle, and were so many ways called on the rider for the news.

"Can't stop a minute. I am in a dreadful hurry," cried the messenger, cupping his hands low, "all the blood-hunters as did gone hence, and kept by the beds in our parish, and Squire Weston, our justice, wrote Squire Tolliard to come over and help keep them down. And I'm a going now for lawyer Snelling."

"Then Sam Blake didn't kill him after all?" said more than one of those who did not hear the word lavished in demonstrations of "the villain," as they termed him. But such is the world

"Well, you, I can't just say about that," cried the messenger; "I heard Deacon Jones telling one how all about it, while I was oobling the hoss, and he told there was a mortal sight on 'em."

The news spread with the rapidity such news always spreads, and the inhabitants of the village, masters, or mates, grumbled to the next parish, to witness the commital of this gang of thieves, concerning, it was generally said, in deep, that revenge for the murder of Jones.

At the office of Squire Weston was much too small to accommodate the concourse of people expected to be present, the church was thrown open, and arranged for the examination, and even the woman thronged into the galleries to witness so exciting, and to them, so novel a spectacle.

The magistrates and lawyers, accompanied by one or two clergymen, with many difficulty pressed through the crowd to the seats prepared for them; after them, the prisoners, under the care of a dozen special constables, were placed at the temporary bar. They were the three men we have mentioned before, as passengers in the schooner Betsy, and one woman—no other than her veiled Mother Wheeler. The quiet able woman, after one wild glare round the crowded house, feeling her failure and disguised situation, sank upon her knees, and remained for two or three while before her. The silence and sturdier rabble, whose fun and clatter bore marks of recent contest, glared upon the assembly with the fierce and callus scowl of a savage bull, as if defying and derading the looks of horror and recognition he met from every side. The second was sunken—immured in the apathy of brutal insensibility, his restless eye now wandering over the people, then fixed in drunken stolidity on his companions in crime. The unfortunate countenance of the tall villain was constantly changing in expression; one instant, with his compressed and rigid mouth, he seemed to dare scrutiny; then his light, roving eyes betrayed anxious and suspicious glances to everybody near him, and his thin, bloodless lip turned opening to address his judges, when a glance from the younger and manner spirit of the gang would make him shrink into himself and preserve a sullen silence, as if for protection against the unnerved and broad blood-hound beside him.

The younger ruffian was identified by many as a native of the village. After committing, even while a boy, outrage on which humanity shudders, the young desperado left the parish, probably in search of a more extended field of action, and had not since been heard of. His own companions were totally unknown, and to every question maintained a dogged silence. Mrs. Wheeler was then called upon. Two officers took her by the arms and raised her upon her feet. She had been weeping, and now resting both hands upon the table for support, she exclaimed

"If you will promise to save my life, I will tell all I—" here, she probably intended to say, but a loud, hissing sound was heard, and she suddenly ceased.

"Go on," said the clerk; but she drew back, and looked around in evident perplexity. At last, turning away from her companions in guilt, she fixed her eyes on the floor, and remained silent. They waited for her to speak, but the matter of confessing had departed. When questioned, she answered peevishly

"What's my errand? as if all of you did not know. I'm an innocent woman, and folks has no right to blame me, 'cause a couple of lodgers is found in my house. They were boarders, and I was glad to earn an honest penny of shillings by seeing up and letting them sleep in my bed. I'll take my Bible oath I never rock the man often in my life."

"Mrs. Wheeler, was Aaron Thomson at your house last evening?" asked one of the court.

The old woman made no answer, but burst into tears.

"We cannot promise you safety," said Mr. Weston; "but your only chance for it, is confessing all you know of the black business Aaron Thomson is safe, and ready to give her testimony."

Mother Wheeler appeared reconciled by terror, and not over-anxious to save her neighbor, when a low feeling, like that of a gag, swelled up at the word, and stifled her utterance.

"Order in the court!" cried the magistrate. "turn out those who disturb it."

The officer looked in vain for the delinquents; but Mrs. Wheeler sank down in a fainting fit, and the constables were obliged to remove her from the court-house.

In consequence of this and Squire Tolliard's petition to record the details of a justices' court, as we shall endeavor to abridge the evidence, and give it in our own manner.

Frank Langton had for years loved Anna Thomson, and despised his affection had been reciprocated; but the preference she had this evening shown "Sloopy Sam," provoked and irritated him. In forgiven concerning a few dollars, as a bit of hand, we feel it necessary to explain to our kind writings; but when in the hopes and affections of a young heart, the happiness of a lifetime is at stake, words and looks are regarded as accredited security. A few words of explanation, and a promise of reparation, and an embrace is worth half-a-dozen sealed bonds.

Although no promise had passed, Frank regarded Anna as engaged to him, and but resided for the presumption against him by his rival, to ask her consent to an immediate marriage. Anna had been equally insensible to the moments of the bold, handsome young sailor, and awaked in her conquest, while he gazed rhapsodical upon her beauty, and vowed to die if she was not his own. Frank had been long in the habit of looking upon her as his future wife, and he was not reassured, but, nothing could be more flattering than the appearance of a rival, even in a small concern, the entrance to which was but just beginning to creep into, for rising to rise or seem first in the favor of the object of his affection. It was to pursue one to be sure, and Frank, urged by jealousy, resented and remained, as he thought, appeased to have been partly formed by nature, by a jealousy unfounded as it was. He met a few words from Anna, and he was at the bar, and he was at the bar, and he was at the bar

LITERATURE AND ART · HOME · SELF AND WISDOM

GLEASON'S WEEKLY

LIFE-OF-BATTLE SHIP

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1853

tried by an earthly tribunal. In consequence of a promise of being remunerated in money, Hill became Stein's evidence, and made a full confession; on which Parker, in desperation, hung himself with a handkerchief to one of the bars of his window. Sullivan died of a brain fever, brought on by drinking to excess of liquor smuggled into the jail by some reckless equally as depraved as himself.

The old woman either because or affected to be, insane, and was confined in a room with two other maniacs, where she ran found one morning strangled with her own hair torn from the throat of her companions, never was known. Hill remained in custody some time, and is perhaps yet pursuing through the country.

Should any of our readers feel any interest in the case of *Amanda Jenness*, let them go to the village, and they will see a step on the right of the door of the Pringleham, with the name of Samuel Blake, in great yellow letters on a blue ground over the door. They will find the worthy Samuel willing to give them all possible information. He will tell them that Captain Lapierre is settled in Acton, and has a rising family; that our friend Rinkin still chases, laughs, and sings, as aught Shakespeare. He is himself, after being imprisoned for committing murder just because he once held his cane to the lower of marrying his squire's sister. To be sure, she is older than he, but she has also some property, and is twice as big as Anna Thomas.

THE LANDLORD'S JOKE.

Not far from the city of Montgomery, in the State of Alabama, on one of the old stage-roads running from there to Mobile, is a public hostelry in the name of Ford's. In his weather or host, in the year 1840, was a man by the name of Ford. He was a fellow, a crony-night, or rather midnight, ten hours before daybreak when he was aroused from his slumbers by the loud shouting and knocks at his door. He turned out, but surely against his will, and thundered in a loud command, as he thought he was to be, and even he could see no use, he cried out:

"Who are you, there?"

"Mr. Ford, I am Jones and Kinsey, from Montgomery," was the answer, "on our way to Mobile, jealous, to attend court. We are benighted, and want to stop all night."

"Very sorry I can't accommodate you so far, gentlemen. Is anything to eating? Sorry that I'm impossible."

The lodgers, for they were three of the smartest one in the State, and all ready to drop down in with fatigue, had a long consultation, and then, as they could do no better, and were too tired to go any further, they said:

"Well, I can't just exactly suit horses, and give us chairs and a good bye till morning."

"O, bye, yes—that's impossible.

Our learned and legal friends were soon dry log their own clothes by a bright fire, as they composed themselves to pass the few remaining hours in social chat, dozing and nodding, and now and then swearing a word or two of imprecation at the landlord for his inhospitality.

The night was night as a harvesting, and at last the sun came along, and then in due time a good breakfast should be up spontaneous. But in spite of the hunger, one thought she house was overrun with ghosts, none but themselves sat down to partake.

"Well, Ford, I thought your house was as full you couldn't pass us a bed last night?" said Jones.

"I didn't say so," replied Ford.

"You didn't." Was in the name of thunder then, did you say?"

"I was asked me to let you stay here all night, and I told you it would be impossible, for though we was much since two-thirty gone when you came. If you only wanted beds, why didn't you tell you say so?"

The lawyers had to give it up. Three of them as one, called the landlord aside and took them off.

BEAUTY AND THE WAVE.

BY REV. CORNELIA CARON MOLES.

BEAUTY sat thinking with spotless fingers,
Jeanne, on the ocean's sand one day,
Watching the gulls with wave would linger,
Then be had washed the pebbles away

First, Beauty she sketched—she wrote just loved it;
Then came to ocean's heavy sighs,
And half-unwilled to wave answered,
And with the wild its hope remain.

Said, PERISHABLY name, so dost yet, Beauty,
The maiden on the sand outlined,
For wave flowed down—its fleeting meaning,
No trace of Everstay's left behind.

Said Wave rejoiced, Thou simply grieves
So Child of Beauty, by Beauty's hand;
Thou wave of Eternity's left behind.
Love's trace remains, and will so stand.

Where one by one, each sense had perished,
Beauty grew wonder at her play,
Finding that all must pass and vanished,
Some passing wave will sweep away!

IS THERE A SHAKSPEARE?

In the course of a lecture delivered in Chicago, by Mr. James Grant Wilson, of that city, he introduced an anecdote related to him by Wm. Hewitt. Said Hewitt:

As I was passing through Stratford one morning, I saw the owner of the village-tailor measuring his sickness to true inch. I stopped, being pleased with the looks of the old man, and said:

You seem to be a considerably number of bale here. Shall you have another Shakspeare some among these days?

"Why," replied the tailor, "I guess a Shakspeare once in the school."

I knew that Shakspeare had on descendants beyond the second generation, and I was not aware that there was any of his family remaining. But it seems that the posterity of his sister, Joan Hart, who is mentioned in his will, has stayed just under her marriage name of Hart, in Stratford, and a family is still existing of the name of Smith.

"I know a Shakspeare here," said the master, well-robbed pride and pleasure. "Here, boys, stand up."

Six boys arose, and he ordered each to step out, and said to me,

"There you sir, can you tell which is Shakspeare?"

I glanced my eye along the line, and instantly rising it upon one boy, said

"You is the Shakspeare?"

"You are right," said the master; "that is Shakspeare." And then, in a burst of contentment, he cried, "Jim! Jim! William Shakspeare Smith, a lineal descendant of the great poet!"

"He watched wrongly enough," says Mr. Hewitt, "as I was passing along the street in the evening, to see some of the schoolboys say, one to another: 'That is the gentleman who gave Bill Shakspeare a shilling this morning.'"

(Written for the Ulmwell Bottle-Imp.)

THE SEAL.

BY JAMES M. STILL, M. D.

The sea! the sea! I love the sea,
Its sparkle under charms unto me!
The rainbow's arch, the weather-fair cock,
And all my morning heart doth cheer.

So Orpheus lov'de its restless chime,
Of Nereus's locks white wave-dowd,
Dragons with three coats, sedums thyrses,
That ere the same Nereus's locks.

Thy plaintive voice in childhood's day,
Did sweetly blend with evening song—
When "mother" watched my bottest play,
With gentle care and earnest song.

Apart from busy haunts of men,
Or in the twilight's softened gloom,
She drew me close to her fond breast,
And hope to hint where sorrows count.

My song you'll hear, my tale be told,
In utmost and all its ineffable air,
For, for song there is really little,
Save where the burning billows roar!

While to the echoes of the island low,
Where waves and billows roar and flow,
O, may my spirit dive it when,
Beneath the sea-wave's foam and spray!

(Written for the Ulmwell Bottle-Imp.)

THE SECOND THOUGHT.

BY HONORINA CURRIER.

"WHAT mischief is my little Alice planning now?" asked grandmother Preston, as she glanced at the sweet face of her little favorite, who was busy with her pinafore before her very busy with some mischief or other.

It was easy enough to tell when Alice was busy in mischief, there were always such exciting little smiles playing around the corners of her mouth, and her eyes would dance and sparkle, and the dimples chased each other so rapidly over the face which she tried to make look as very innocent as she could, that it would have shaded the sweetest rock, could not retain the secret, and laughed lightly with the curious grandmother, which were flocking through her brain.

"Now, Alice, you have heard the question, so hastily was she engaged; and Mrs. Betton, throwing her knitting-needles in the green bell of calico, which was lying in the half finished stocking and nothing in the table, adjusted her specs, and prepared to hear Alice's wickedness.

"There was a very handsome lover envelope in the case," began Alice. "Miss Harriet Herbert, a handwriting, to Mr Charles Herbert; and the miss-ter evidently designed to be enclosed within the same letter. Now, as the letter was to be sent the next morning, that of an ill-shaped answer to Miss Herbert's letter, and then the fun arrives of which born a very striking resemblance to you."

The look left the old lady's face, and a very low look-at handsome as he did that morning, that he nearly laughed; but only nearly, for, not I was very, very angry. The George had got another patch on his old coat, and I was a fickle, flattering fool, both by the strange fascination of a huge serpent

"But I could only look into his face. My sense seemed without strength, and my eyes were true. *After a time* my eyes again began to take forms. Sometimes it was always magical chair, with its soft cushion and body; I could see the flakes; not one of them were rent eaten, they were all brightly polished; they could even see a brook. Sometimes a flame volume, with sharp and look, struck at me with his strong talons

LITERATURE AND ART WIT AND WISDOM

GLEASON'S WEEKLY

1851 LIST-OF-BATTLE SHIP.

[Written for the Elizabethtown Paper.]

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

BY CARRIE W. COOK

The daughter of the South—the free unbroken Spring—
In crystal shining crown adorns the streams of years,
The breezy zephyrs, Winter's wheel, free to the West,
Leading behind a band of exposé, nothing loath!

Issued by the sun into kisses of the modern wind,
The snow-capped Alpine and the mountain-chief fell,
With the long streams of sunbeams unbelievable,
Pure through the underlying crystals to the far off.

Accidental seasons forces the peach-bloom on the pale,
And from the kisses of the sunny equi-line
Crowns rich fragrance through the garden's pale,
Dragging from their lair the strand-loving bee.

The swallow, sweetspot, with his twittering twist,
Forty through the sunny courtesy along the wall,
Quite a piece in his ch-ch's manner and to hide
Beneath the dry vine's thin, scented sheet!

[Written for the Elizabethtown Paper.]

AUNT MERCY'S STORY;

OR,

THE PLAIN ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY HARRIET N. HATHAWAY.

It was a soft, sunny afternoon, late in the spring, that I sat thrown on my window-seat and taken a stroll across the fields to Aunt Mercy's pretty little cottage-home. As I reached the low glass, in its quaintly-carved oaken frame, I recognized my host, Aunt Mercy looked up as too from her knitting, and said, with a smile peculiarly her own:

"Hattie, child, do you think you see pretty?"

"O no, Aunt Mercy," I replied, in all honesty, "I'm sure I do not. Why did you ask?"

Was it because I was something my host?"

"Love is a wonderful beautiful," she said, apparently not heeding my question, as she continued to work, "and it is a wonderful beautiful indeed! It smooths out the wrinkles of old age, lends leaves to the diamond eye, paints roses on the olive cheek; in short, the plainest face becomes beautiful, when seen through the medium of love."

I softly drew an ottoman from its place, and seated myself at the old lady's feet. I knew her mind was considering for an my mind the wishes of the past. Very quietly I sat, for fear of disturbing her on rule.

"Hattie," at length she said, "would you like a story?"

"O yes, Aunt Mercy," I replied, for this was what I had been waiting for.

The old lady helped herself to a pinch of snuff, took back in her arm-chair, cast her glasses from her eyes, and rested them upon the border of her dainty mob cap, then folded her wrinkled hands together, and gazed into the fire-grate, and

"Dear little Lucy Lambert! I see her as plainly at this moment, as though years had not gone by since she stood before me a smiling, shrinking child."

Allen Morgan was my early-school friend, and we were idol-sisters in our childhood. Allen married young, and went from her New England home to find me in Carolina, where I was married. In fifteen years from that time, I was left a widow and children, with not a near relative in the wide world.

"My old friend, on hearing of my circumstances, sent me an earnest invitation to come and make a home with them for a time. I accepted the kind offer. It was afternoon when I arrived, and I met with a saintly reception from my friend, Alice Lambert.

"Soon the children came trooping in from school—two boys and two girls. First came Frank, a fine, noble-looking lad of fourteen years; then Walter, a fair-haired boy of ten; next Bella, a brilliant, bewitching beauty of fourteen, followed by her twin sister Lucy, who seemed to shrink from observation.

"There was evidently a feeling akin to pride in Mrs. Lambert presented Walter, Frank, and Bella to me; but, when she came to Lucy, she said:

"And here is our Lucy, the plain one of the family; but she is very good, gentle girl!

"I drew the timid, blushing child to my bosom, and said:

"I know she is, for she is very pleasant looking. She reminds me of my own little Allen, your namesake, who died two years ago."

"As I said this, a tear, called forth by the remembrance of that sad hour, fell upon Lucy's hand. She raised her little plain face to mine with a look full of sorrowful compassion. The moment our eyes met, there seemed to be an electric sympathy—as they still it now—established between us.

"During my stay in the family, I assume remember a day but that something occurred to remind Lucy of her lack of personal beauty. It was really painful to me to see what a line of distinction was drawn between her and the other children by every member of the household. If her father ordered her, it was 'Plain little Lucy,' and the mother's pet name was 'my homely little Lucy,' while fun-loving Frank delighted in designating Bella as 'the Beauty' and Alice as 'the little Beauty.'

"One afternoon, as Lucy sat by my side, Frank came bounding in, calling:

"Sis, sis; Harry May wants to see you."

"The color sustained in Lucy's temples, as she exclaimed:

"What, me, Frank?"

"No, sir, not you!" exclaimed the impetuous boy. 'Why should he care to see you? No one comes to see homely folks. It's Beauty he's after. He thinks you are so homely as a hedgehog, Lucy. Did you know it?"

"I had often been at a loss to know how Lucy felt when meeting with such rebuffs; but had never been able to come to a definite conclusion. I had at times thought that, having been so accustomed to them, she did not heed them; but, as Frank closed the door, she retired her large gray eyes to my face with such an expression of sorrow, that my heart throbbed with anguish, and it was with difficulty I could restrain my tears. She did not speak a word, nor was there need for this, for that look told me more than language could utter. Soon after, she made her escape, and went to her room. Somehow, I felt uneasily about the child, as she had not been gone long before I went to her. I sometimes I had noble my work and followed her.

"Very quietly I neared my room, which was adjoining hers, the door of which Aunt Mercy's open. Hattie had her face buried in it, and was easily studying each feature of her plain, little face unexpressed.

"Frank is right—I am homely,' at last she said. 'What little featherless satin is mine, and freckled bristle, and great staring gray eyes with coarse brown hair, as Hattie says: nothing pretty about me, but my mouth and teeth; but even they do not keep everybody from calling me 'homely.' Father and mother call—O dear! I wish I could die, and then they would not be ashamed of me all the time!'

"The sorrowful voice ceased, and sob after sob fell upon my aching ear. I could restrain myself no longer, but entering the chamber I drew the weeping child to my bosom, fastening the door behind me.

"O, Aunt Mercy,' at length she said, 'you think me a very silly child, for I am sure I do not know what a dreadful thing it is to be homely. Aunt Mercy—thought if everybody else called me homely, Harry May wouldn't, because he always takes my part at school, when the children school-mates, and he said me not to mind it, for he was going to has and always would be that none to thinks so to, and who will take my part? What shall I do?'

"I will, Lucy, darling,' I said as I gently smoothed her luxuriant hair by turning brow. 'I've a very, very sweet girl coming to me, and I love you better than my little girl I know of.'

"Dear Aunt Mercy,' she replied, as she looked into my face with her whole soul in her eyes; 'how good you are!' and then she slid from my lap into the floor, and resting her head upon my shoulder, fell asleep. Her breathing was short and regular, and her face was perfectly flushed. I fanned she was feverish, and my fears were not found in long, on morning, she was delirious. I watched over her night and day, for she had become very dear to me, and every thing pained her in the least was keenly understood by the family; but I knew their influence.

"O Harry, do not let the boys tease me,' she would frequently entreat in broken, pain, and most tones. Then again she would ask, 'I shall die, if you leave me, Harry;' or 'How you forgive me when we spoke unkindly to-morrow, long ago?' 'Will you leave me to—O Harry, Harry, how you grieve you?' Indeed, my brow, which, though broken and weak, revealed to me the heart history of the unconscious little sufferer.

"Two weeks after Lucy was taken sick, Harry May left for the city, and, during the remainder of the delirium of his uncle, who resided in Canton—'Harry, Harry, how you grieve you?' engrossed himself for business, as he was already nearly seventeen years of age.

"It was six weeks before Lucy was so that she could leave her bed. I will remember this day as long as I live. It was a mild, but sultry morning in June, and as she sat supported in her arm-chair before the window, watching the feeling tints of the golden sunset, she looked almost like a spirit about to wing her flight to the skies. Her face was not a dreamy, soft expression, quite new to them. She sat quietly thinking for some time.

"Aunt Mercy,' at length she said, 'is it true that Harry May has gone away? Shall I never see him again? Did he say anything about me?'

"Yes, my child, he said he would write me, and I should hear from him soon.'

"I denoted the result, but replied in the affirmative.

"I am very glad, auntie,' she said, calmly. 'It is much better so, for now I am going to be sure and get well, and I am going to live with you. You know you said you would care for me.'

"Dear, dear little Lucy, so you shall,' I said, with bowed countenance, fearful of smiling her in my eye, but the child read me in very love, for this was a tit-night which had never left me since the first sea. I kissed the child. And as it was decided that she should accompany me to my New England home.

"To say that Lucy was not tenderly loved by her parents, would not be true; for, in reality, she was as dear to them as either of the more favored ones; but somehow they had formed an idea that an epilepsy was the for her plainness, and thus had formed a habit of ofttimes she on all occasions, little thinking how their words pained her sensitive heart. Now that she was about to leave them, and I had unconsciously discovered kindnesses upon her, and I sometimes thought the bright spirit of heaven had chosen her decision; to one day, when we were alone, I said:

"Lucy, dear, do you not regret leaving all your home friends, to find a home with Aunt Mercy? Are you willing to exchange them for her and me, you?"

"They love me very much; but still I am but 'plain little Lucy' to them, and it is better I should go. Bella, Frank, and Walter are beautiful, but I am not by myself,' another quiet answer.

"I felt pained at her reply, but yet could not say a word, for, in my heart, I said, 'It is even so.'

"That Lucy was right, her mother's parting words testified. As she pressed her to her bosom, she said: 'It is better to be Lucy than Bella; for you, my love, with your little plain

OLD GENTLEMAN.—"I bet my Glasses: will you be kind enough to tell me the time by my watch?

"What's o'clock, Bob?"

"Can't say. I've left my watch at home, a top of the Pinney I"

face, will not meet with the trials and temptations that Bella would with her beauty; upon you, my plain little babe,' and the father, as he folded her in his arms. 'God bless and save my girl!'

"Time stood in Frank's eyes as he paused by the parting scene upon her sofa-couch and said, 'I expect we shall find Beast transformed into Beauty when you see us again, Lu.'

"Bella would have spoke were the reply ones she had no words, but they cling to her as they would to the last straw to save from sinking.

"I felt relief when the 'good byes' were all spoken, for such partings are ever sad to me. As the carriage wound round the hill that led Lucy's home from view, I breathed a sigh of regret, and at the same time my heart ascended in gratitude to the Father of Good, as my eye rested upon the little pale face looking so lovingly into mine, through tears: 'My own little Lucy,' I cried, as I opened my arms, and the child sprang into them, and wept as though her heart would break.

"Yes, no doubt, may have wondered why I did not speak plainly to my friends in regard to what I considered a great error in their dealings with Lucy; but I was not fitted for it, often thought that to be my duty, but shrank from the task, feeling that to do so in a manner free and impressive stronger in existence between parent and child. And now, perhaps, I may be by and by condemned by the family; but I know their influence.

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"Lucy sat in her own room, by her favorite seat by the window, her head reclining on her hand and her eyes resting dreamily on the landscape spread out before her. I knew where her thoughts were, for, a few hours before, we had received the intelligence that Harry May had returned from Canton. Soon there was a step at the door, and in a few moments Bella came bounding along the passage-way and into the room exclaiming:

"Lucy—Lucy! Harry May is down stairs, and has inquired for you. He is one of the most splendid looking men I ever saw, and so polished in his manner. Come—come down quickly, for he seems quite impatient to see you,' the girl continued, not heeding the doubly pallor that had encamped Lucy's face, as she darted away.

"O, Aunt Mercy, what shall I do?' escaped Lucy's white lips, as she rose and sinking on her knees on the sofa with it, threw her arms around my neck and hid her cheek against mine. I understood so much her, and after a time she began more composed. Then I enmeshed her hands, and, looking her in the face, asked her if her white muslin dress, which was fastened at the throat by a rose moulded (as she never wore jewelry), and reading her in the stairs, I greatly assisted upon her going below.

"As you please, auntie,' she said, in a hopeless tone, and with the expression in her large, gray eyes that I had never seen before, 'I suppose I 'am Bella is so very beautiful, I shall look plainer than ever.'

"Lucy rushed her as she glided noiselessly down the staircase, kissed her gems at the entrance, as though striving to gather courage, and then the door closed upon her. I then summed to her chamber, and, falling down on my knees, in an agony of spirit, I implored the overlooking Father to strengthen her in this her hour of trial.

"How the time passed away until Aunt Mercy came not to me. At length I opened the window, and looked forth on the beautiful moonlit landscape. A murmur of voices called up an occasional laugh from the gay, and, turning from my view by a stamp of fluttering diamonds, walked Lucy, leaning upon Harry May's arm. I did not know how to feel, for I knew that I could not honor that man passing between them, though, in accordance with the rules of politeness, I accepted of the conversation.

"Lucy, dear,' I said, 'I am so sorry that I was not there I mentioned at its reaching, but, 'tis to that through all those long, weary years of separation, I have thought of you, plain little Lucy Lambert! This is greater happiness than Lucy dared pray for!'

"Loved you, dearest? Yes, 'tenne then the which I have loved you. I cannot recall the time I did not love you; and I could not think of leaving home without telling you so they thought I would; but when I looked for you, and Lucy told me you were not there, I thought you had gone to Bella in tone, my pride offence; and then you know I had to appear to you, and then you know I had to appear to you, and then you know I had to appear to you,